

SEA EYE



November, 1976,

published by the San Francisco Art Institute Student Senate.

Page One

The Thing Is So Pure

Melissa D. Fletcher

An iceberg in a blue sea,
you give without fissures
onward,
past the jagged
stratospheres,
the uneven terrain:

The used car lot/
of my heart.

the meadowlark sings in
a heap of broken
ends

mending mending mending
cowslips and cornflowers,
as unexpected
as your eyes

in this room.

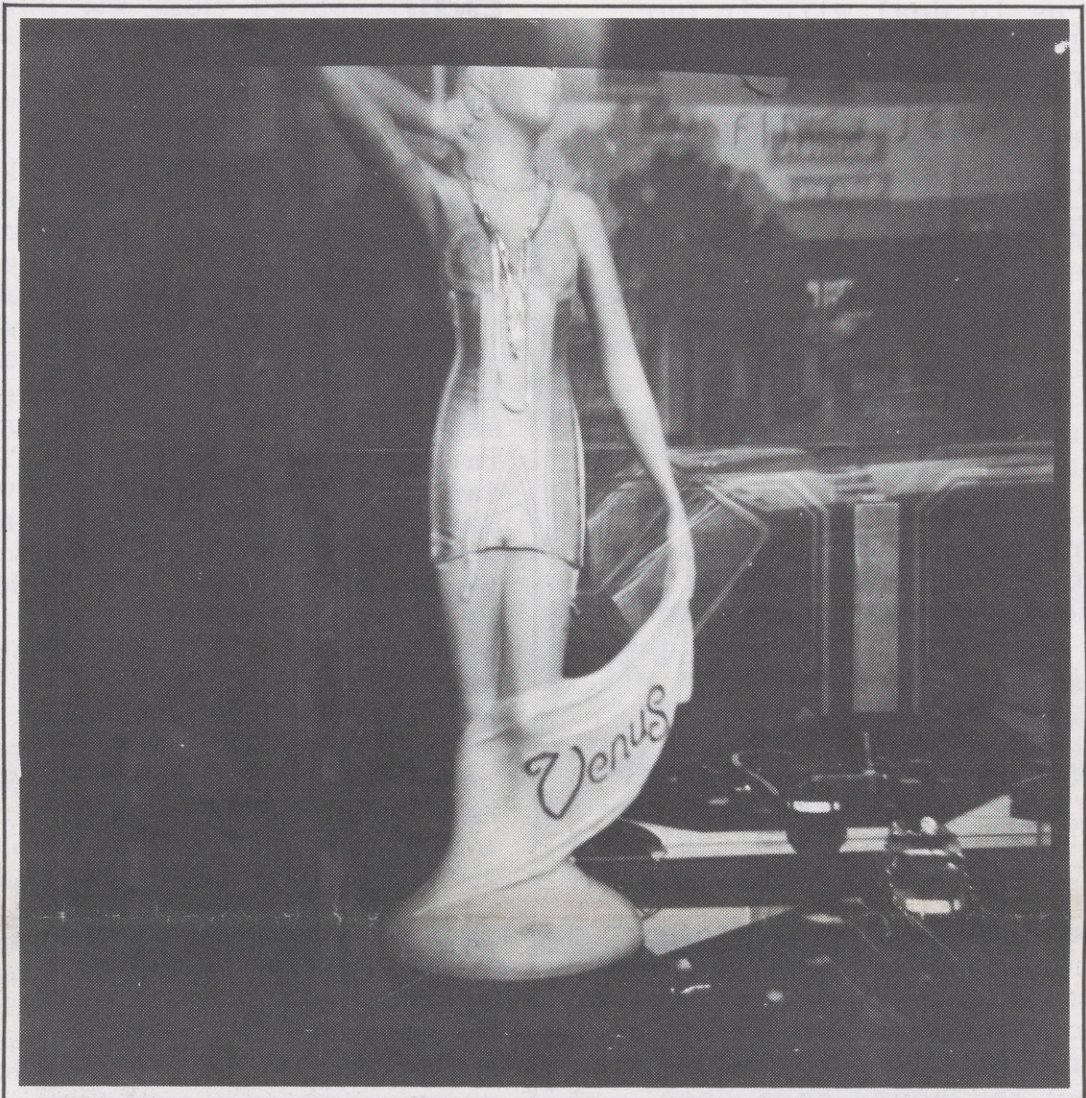


photo: William Loo

Bali High

Steven Hurwitz

In a society dedicated almost completely to commerce, those artists not serving in a commercial capacity become, of necessity, aliens. And while many of us relish our roles as outsiders, we seem to be working for that time when some values prevail other than those of the market place.

It is from this vantage point then, that I found myself wandering the roads of Bali, as opposite an experiment in culture as I could hope to find, except perhaps in India.

What makes Bali so unique in my eyes, apart from the incredible beauty of the landscape, the overwhelming generosity of the people, the wonder of a society

devoted mind and soul to religion, not to mention the all encompassing feeling of community, apart from all this Bali is an island of artists. Perhaps not apart from these reasons but because of all this Bali can be so wondrous.

There are two Peoples on Bali: the Bali Aga who have been there since before recorded time and the Balinese, relative newcomers who escaped the Muslim advance on Java some five hundred years ago and took refuge on this little island off Java's easternmost tip. I searched but found very little contact with either the people or things of the Bali Aga. They prefer, it seems, to remain secluded in the mountains far from both westerners and the Balinese. The Balinese, on the other hand, are everywhere and wherever they are is a continuous display of ornately carved temples, sculpture of all sorts, painting, weaving, batiks of startling beauty, music

and dance.

To live on Bali one must be part of and serve the community. As one person told me "everyone in my village is part of my family. And if not they are treated as if they were." I'm told these communities control the land on which they live and that decisions are made in a democratic fashion. Life proceeds in accordance with tradition. All people must do their share, without pay, and are expected to play their part in the infinite continuum of ceremony. This sounds rigid, and it is, but within this structure where all worldly problems are solved by time-tested processes, a free flowing glorious Super Nova of art and life bursts forth, just everywhere. The smallest villages are comprised of children and adults capable of performing the most intricate of dances. Gamelan orchestras of gongs, cymbals, drums and a

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notes from the editor

So here it is--the "new" Eye, a product of careful planning and frenetic production. A November issue whose headlines come from the heart: whose front page story is the rebirth (in a North Beach jewelry store) of Venus. I would like to imagine that the important issues for all of us to deal with in our roles of creating and recording the '70's are neither garbage collection dates and the minutia of process nor the details of in-fighting over administrative policies. That has already been lived through by all of us. We are free to return to our artwork and I would like to imagine that there is still something fresh and relevant to say.

There is a variety of material in this issue of the Eye. If any generalizations could be made, it is probably personal. It has all been read and re-read and is all included with the sincere hope that it will be read and considered by whomever it reaches. It is a reasonable sampling of current thought, feeling and opinion at the Art Institute and I think that all of it can be learned from. It is also the hope of all of us who have worked on the preparation of this issue (and the hours have been long, the process tedious and sometimes inspiring) that it will generate opinions, reactions, letters and more submissions of material. As one of the articles says, "with the passage of time the world ineluctably transforms itself into art". I have a great personal curiosity as to what this particular time, this decade and this winter will transform itself into. Next issue may include a little more visual material.

- Brewster Gray, editor

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SFA EYE STAFF

Danielle, Patrice Estrada, Richard Felix, Cheryl Haynes, Valerie McDonald, David Schneider, Suzanne Smith, Richard D. White

Applications for California State Scholarships and Graduate Fellowships for 1977-78 are now available in the Financial Aid Office. Deadline for State Scholarship applications is December 4. Fellowship applications must be postmarked no later than December 13.

Bali

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xylophone-type instrument are everywhere a necessary part of life.

I cannot begin to describe the numerous forms of expression chosen by these people. But I can recount several extraordinary experiences. My introduction to Balinese dance was by way of the Barong. To call the Barong a dance is misleading because it draws from dance, theatre and mime. As a result while understanding none of the language I felt at the same time in direct communication with the actors and the event. Like most art in Bali, the Barong serves a religious function concerning itself with the eternal struggle between good and evil. A fantastic character, Barong, does battle for good against the witch Rangda who is the embodiment of evil. Rangda is dressed in a red and white horizontally striped suit, sporting huge elongated breasts (which are at one moment pulled in opposite directions) menacingly long white claws and a mask of the most grotesque proportions. Her hair reaches to the floor as does her tongue. The Barong is a yak-like creature supported by two actors. Huge tufts of rafia hair cover the body while a pointed face sports snapping jaws.

Well, to an outsider like myself this dance is a layering of effects, unexpectedly humorous in content, gradually expanding in motion and form from the reality of the present to the highest proportions of the fantastic so absorbing as to transcend our present reality in a journey toward delirium. Quite a feat, and it is done regularly, with the help of an actor dressed as a monkey, several characters of Shakespearean qualities, a prince, a princess, a pig with an enormous erection so hard as to break a knife blade in an attempt at castration, and much more. As if this

wasn't enough we spectators are sent crashing back to Earth by the final enactment of the Kriss Dance brought about as warriors are doing battle with Rangda. By a wave of her immortal hand and a shower of flower petals those men carrying long curved blades are confounded into a mystic battle with themselves. As the preceding chaos dies away, and while the orchestra packs up and leaves, we are left with the stunning sight of men entranced, blades turned against their own chests, exerting all efforts at penetration yet unsuccessful as devout beliefs shield them from self destruction. Priests now arrive to cast water on faces and bodies in hypnotic stupors. Here and there last vain attempts are made at inflicting wounds but blades bend before they will tear the flesh of those protected by Barong (or is it Rangda?).

We aliens stumble off in our own daze believing yet refusing to believe, but knowing it was true. Welcome to Bali.

Why do the arts flourish on Bali as nowhere else? Perhaps it is their unshakable religious beliefs that require music, dance, and ornament in the daily enactment of their "way". One does get the feeling that westerners are now invited to Bali almost as an evangelical gesture. Not that the Balinese have missionary desires, they merely have much to share and teach. While religion does act as a prime motivation for the Balinese, it does not constrict creative effort by the imposition of rigid forms. Balinese art is change and movement. Just as the tropical climate acts to disintegrate the numerous temple carvings so constant efforts are made towards their renewal and in forms of timely import. Surrounded by it from birth, the Balinese learn the arts supported on their parents' laps. It is necessary, just as food is necessary. And there lies the difference between their arts and ours. Similar views could be expressed about mainstream American communication only if we are viewed as sophisticated devotees of a "Cargo Cult". As Balinese creative energy is directed towards enhancement of their community, so ours is extended towards "getting and spending" with its resultant glorification of the individual. The individual, as we know

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Agnes Denes - The Thinking Person's Artist

-Suzanne Smith-

Oct. 26, 1976, 12:30 pm finds me conversing with a fellow sculptor about a so called sculptor who was going to speak at 1:00 pm that day. I asked if he wasn't going to go to our 1:00 pm class. He said that he didn't go to that class anymore because he knew more than the instructor and found it boring. After class I came back down to the sculpture area and saw my friend talking to several other sculptors. "Who was the Sculptor?" He replied, "Wasn't no sculptor, some weird lady." I said, "Was it Agnes Denes?" He looked toward another guy standing there and shrugged. His friend said, "I think that was her name." I said, "Well, what was she like, what did she have to say?" He turned to his friend again, arms flying into the air, feet moving nervously about. "What would ya call that?" he said. His friend looked up and said, "Bullshit."

Well I didn't know what to think except that she had been billed as a conceptual artist and I envisioned someone who would come and show slides of themselves burning the hair off their legs or something equally as disgusting. If I hadn't had a late class I would never have considered hearing her lecture that evening. I had to walk past the Haven to go to Francisco St. to my car. I stopped and hung out with two friends waiting for the lecture to start telling myself I would stay 15 minutes. I stayed for over an hour and got turned on to a way of thinking that I realized I hadn't been open to in a really long time. Here was a person who questioned existence like I had when I was a teenager 15 yrs. ago. I moved through that period of utter frustration and questioning and have mellowed with age. I know those questions, but never imagined that art as a method of inquiry could ever be embodied in an ongoing life process as Agnes Denes' work obviously is.

Agnes Denes, like the scientist, always questioning, brings forth answers

Sometimes I feel like the last resort
the one right before the big desert
with the 'last chance' sign hung on its' door
When there's no one to go to anymore
for that last glass of water
You know I have some -- right in my faucet
But the pressures not so good here
and sometimes it drips for hours

-Dona Frost

upon the many pathways already known to man, yet she departs from science and technology to break new ground. She believes that science and technology have alienated us from our thinking processes and we are separated from our knowledge. Here I like to believe she means we are no longer connected to our primordial instincts and that humanness is slowly, ever so slowly slipping away from us. Her basic interests are language and communication and exposing the distortions inherent within, peeling away the layers to grasp a glimpse at truth as our perceptions ever distort reality before our eyes and within our ears. As human beings we are subject to the process of evolution and we are the mutations of this process as science and technology ever widen the gap. Paradoxically we are vulnerable and powerful all at the same time.

Agnes Denes is a seeker of the truth. She uses the scientific method for discovery and proof of our existence and although she believes we live in an illusion, through mathematical theory and scientific inquiry she makes thoughts visual to us. She uses that ubiquitous yet invaluable tool the computer and its amazing and beautiful 3D screen projections. She invented a direct surface printing process from xrays on photo sensitive papers in tones of violet, sepia, and grey-black. She uses crystallography to examine the process that thoughts in our brains take, how they develop and multiply. As if jokingly (and she does have a sense of humor) knowing, "there is method to this madness", she instinctively defines the method in terms irreducible to the madness. Herein we find deductiveness refined within an artists mind. Below, from her "HUMAN DUST" series is a part called "Everyman". Read and reflect upon this. Is it madness, truth, reality?

(See Column 3.)

Standing Still

All things howl their passage by
the wind sinks into my ears
tears at my mind without tears

Trees crawl upward

Roadways in their bark

for searching ants to march
for plunder

the wind thunders in fresh leaves
flesh bends with gleeful
frolicking branches to chant
and dancers sway to sing

-Lawrence Andrews

(Cont'd. from Column 2)

Human Dust

He was an artist. He died of a heart attack. He was born fifty years ago, which means he lived half a century, or appr. 2/3 of his expected life span. His father was a tailor and his mother a housewife. He had 4 brothers and 1 sister. He was in love 3 times, married once, fathered 2 human beings, thus beginning a chain of 60 or more human beings added to the world population within 4 generations (counting up to 2000 A.D.). Taking genetic and environmental factors into consideration, 4 of these will be doctors, 2 will write, 34 will bear children, 6 will be engineers or teachers, 1 will have unusual talent, 1 will be a politician, 1 will collect garbage, 8 will be unskilled laborers, 1 will go to jail and two are uncertain.

During his lifetime he visited 18 countries and spoke 2 languages. He traveled 55,000 miles not including commuting and read 4100 books. He attended college for one year. His aspirations were to be a great writer or a great artist. He wrote about 1/2 million words and painted 48 paintings, all told. In his lifetime he earned \$160,000,000,

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Invitation to an Alternative Existence

Intro.

Cease, (for a moment)
stop your running -from-every-thing,
halt, your id race and gear grinding...just cool it,
cool the locomotion that blindly speeds you along,
slam on those brakes, sit still and be receptive
just

Stop, (for a moment)
to
think of death and birth
in terms
of entrance and exit points;
Accept, (for a moment)
that
death takes and or requires/utilizes
more energy
than does
birth:

APERTURES

Birth-ing, happens
slowly...gradually,
as a wild wisp that gently
strengthens
life slightly resounding
to
satiating, soothing,
hummm humming-s
and swishes.

Listen,
in birth-ing
we begin to begin,
at birth
we have already begun;
in essence,
the music played
before
the light did

upon wet neon virgins
being babes
unto the new land.

Listen,
there is more-
we gain
momentum and sound
as
wisps to whirls
drifts to currents
sound to songs
and so on,
to
tempestual configurations
of orchestral harmony.....(I sing the body electric)
via
the symphony of human spirits,
to
torrentous whitecaps
spectral sangri'
steamrolling lifecaps...
tidal swells
metaphorical
life force.

Look,

rocks gather moss
waves gather momentum
life gathers force....

to screaming volare,
decibel infinite
sense-ational and sensuous
shrieking
crying laughter
laughter crying...
emotional exuberance
musical magnitude magnifique.

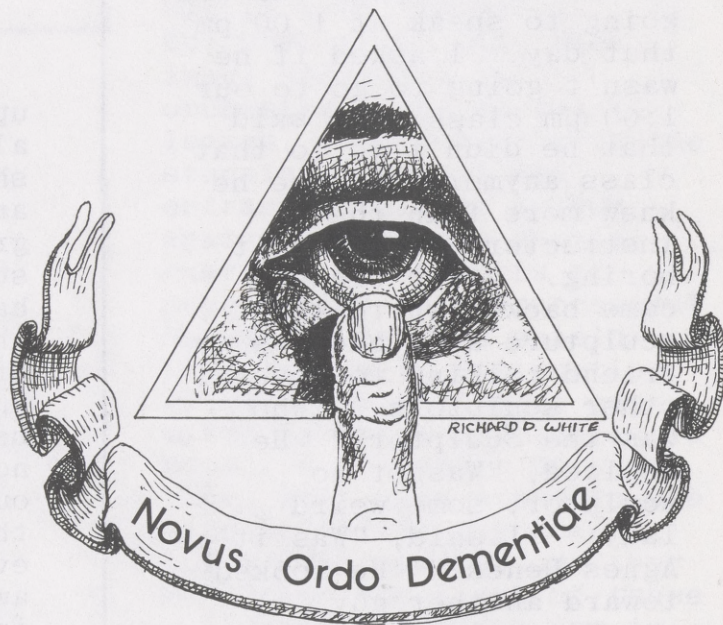
That's right!
you got it;
motion gathers motion,
and
steam
we gather steam...
hummm humming
to shriek,
from breath
to riproaring gales.

Beginning Human Cognizance A,B

I see all
but, we all see all
but we all
see all
differently...

I eat shit
but, we all eat shit
but we all
eat shit
differently...

R



Then
like lightning
fast flash, fast forces
struck
hit, and hard
(like full speed into a wall
between this, and that
east, west
yes, no
that, and this
yin and yang)
backbending
breaking
bursting
chest electrified - perforated cavities
hyper-ventilating,
up
off the feet
lightning bites
and pulls
ultra-splat
upon the barriers of alternative existences
into
the next unit
space
dimension;
volcanic forces meet the cold earth
where molten and frozen
become
inseparable and indefinable:

FINALE

when, we're born
we've already begun
and continue
as smooth and docile
as the dimmer switch gives essence;
when, we die
the energy cast forth
and
intermingled life velocities
reminisce together in
solar ecliptical intensity
of transactional life forces.

NOTE:

the "in" door
is stimulation
the "out" door
is unimaginably potent
spontaneous and unexpected
is orgasm and metamorphosis.

felix

cont'd from page 3

was fired three times and held 17 positions after maturity. He was unhappy and lonely more often than not, achieved 1/10,000 of his dreams, managed to get his opinions across 184 times and was misunderstood 3800 times when it mattered. He believed in a god, was fairly religious at the beginning and toward the end of his life and could be considered superstitious. During his lifetime he consumed 4800 lbs. of bread, 3000 gallons of water, 140 gallons of wine and 360 quarts of whiskey. He ate 56,000 meals, slept 146,850 hours and moved his bowels 8,548 times. He was sick 23 times, caught 31 colds, pneumonia once, 7 virus infections and broke his leg falling off a chair while hanging one of his paintings. He served in the marines, was shot at several times but never wounded. He had relations with 27 women in his lifetime and ejaculated 2858 times. He voted in 24 elections and knew his opinions changed nothing. He was not a popular man--he had honest but uneven beliefs. His work was good but not great, and the last 10 years of his life he resigned himself to this fact. He had 4 friends at various times in his life and was loved by 17 people, including his parents. He was liked by 312. His brain contained 10¹⁰ neurons and it received 109 electrical impulses from his own sense organs, to each of which he responded. He smoked 210,000 cigarettes and tried drugs twice. 34 people remembered him or spoke of him after his death and his remains shown here represent 1/85 of his entire body.

Agnes Denes' presentation was only one part of the ongoing Visiting Artist's Program. Coming up, John Rolloff - Nov. 10th, Beverly Pepper - Nov. 16th, Jim Pomeroy - Nov. 17th. For further info see Jan Butterfield.

"Winter in America", an exhibition of works in all media by Third World artists, sponsored by the Ethnic Arts Collective, is in the Diego Rivera Gallery until Nov. 26. See it!

Passengers

I'm talking to you and you're not listening
your mind goes off
it looks at the trails of people behind me
Your eyes pick up their details and mine go by
like the words in a newspaper in someone else's hands
As they ride in an airplane so far away from us
I can barely hear the engine fade
above your thoughtless answers
to questions I never want to ask

-Dona Frost

Each leg an ocean apart;
walking, then, isn't easy.
Proximity doesn't seem desirable -
but a new balance, above land,
right in the middle,
over New York or Kansas,
just so I can set my butt
down in some field
when I get tired.

-Jeff A. Sully

Afternoon Sketch

Between the passing of Oldsmobile and Plymouth
(As viewed from a cafe espresso
second story
squeaky clean
Vivaldi window
in mid September)
Sutter Street seemed sometimes
like an ancient avenue of tragedy
stretching
from Babylon
via Jerusalem, thru Rome
out to the West Coast
through New York and Puerto Rico
etc.
and then again seemed
sometimes like a bubble of matter
hanging in an infinite golden room
and sometimes
like a place where
people pass without nodding
or meet
to bed or wed
being frequently un tragic, unheroic
and unexciting

-Brewster Gray

Open (God refuses...) Letter (...such mail.)
To A (I was in a...) Human (...theater,
watching a film about Mahler.) Being:
(The actor said,
"Bah! There is nothing to fear -
God is dead! Man is his own God!")
(The film stuck, went black, stayed
black; the audience shifted in their
dark seats, laughed nervous, black
laughter. Some left the theater.
Love,)

Jeff A. Sully

Work / Talk / Strategy

Tullio Francesco DeSantis

Human activity is generated by a complex of ideas and belief structures which are incorporated in individuals and codified in groups. The impulse to action is surrounded by layers of rationalization and intention which reflect an implicit faith in our ability to effect (beneficial) transformations in our environment. The ability to discriminate between a multitude of sensations; to analyze and scrutinize recurrent patterns; to will and manifest a coherent strategy, are all learned responses. To learn and to alter our behavior are operations which insure our survival and continuity. Education is as essential to our functioning as it is inevitable to the unfolding of our destinies. Our brains are learning machines whose prime function is to maximize our ability to survive in a universe poised between evolution and entropy.

The most crucial signals in our environment are of the most subtle and abstract variety. Our ability to extract significant information from a plentitude of diverse and contradictory sources is a direct correlate of the ability to exercise a concentrated focus of attention upon incoming signals.

Once significant data have been inferred, they are assimilated into the ongoing paradigmatic processes of reality structuring and behavior modification. Methods of trial-and-error, induction, and intuition are learned techniques which are the consequence of memory and education: Our ability to efficiently process information increases our survival potential

The measure of integration of self/environment is the measure of the preservation of intention as the generative ideas pass through the translatory media/material and into actual situations. Freedom is lost when culture speaks through the individual. Freedom is regained when individuals speak through culture.

Ultimate freedom is of the mind and the processes of thought. The investigation and application of principles of intentional and organized freedom results

in aesthetic experience, which is transmitted by art and artists through the parameters of society and the matrix of history, to function as a model for perception, behavior, and strategy in given situations.

Art is always generated by ideas: ideas about the self; ideas about the world; ideas about art. Ideas are quantified by the amount of potentially valuable information they convey, imply, or generate. Ideas are qualified by architectonic elegance and their implicit teleologies. Since the turn of the century, two disciplines have carried the thrust of pure investigation into areas of abstract ideation and theoretical model-construction: modern physics and modern art. The bias of modern physics has been the hypothesis of the real world; while the bias of modern art has been the myth of the creative self. Modern philosophy and logic have been deduced from primary source material in these fields; rendering up the applied disciplines in a complete spectrum from modern technology to modern psychology.

As primary source data contemporary art occupies a precarious position between the extremes of materialism and solipsism. In order to survive and to continue to function with freedom and responsibility, the contemporary artist is embarked on a continuous process of self-definition, transformation, and the integration of the natural and the cultural in the objects, dialogues, and situations of living art.

Art history forms the paradigmatic infrastructure of world history in the same way that visual imagery forms the basis for memory and reflection in the brain. Art activity permeates the entire network of human activity; elicits specific responses; and generates further activities in a process of concatenation and resonance.

In a very literal manner, with the passage of time, the world ineluctably transforms itself into art. This transformation is the result of consciousness and activity and is a specifically human response. Man is the incarnation of negative entropy (evolution).

This condition is antithetical to the inherently entropic direction of the material universe. As embodiments of irreconcilables, we are compelled to see that we are activity, material, and mind. We are that which sees and that which is seen. We are the summation of the world in the process of art.

Just a Thought

David Schneider

Another October 31st has managed to wind it's way past us again, leaving the usual trail of empty beer and wine cups a foot deep in and around the fish pond. Don't fret over the Goldfish though. They didn't mind at all, because THEY didn't have to drive home that night. (Which is good because most of them registered a .1% alcohol content on the gill-alizer and fatalities from swimming accidents rose a predicted 50% for the night.

An increase of 9% over last year.) ---Somehow the place did manage to get mysteriously (and immaculately) clean by the next morning. (Come on you gals and guys, these invisible workers certainly deserve our deep thanks and appreciation for a swell job. CLAP...CLAP...APPLAUSE... SHOUTS OF GRATITUDE...Thank you.)

PRIZES WERE AWARDED: Costume competition

The judges saluted from the waist to a first place cheesecloth clad Madelin Mailander for her un look. She certainly deserves it for being able to bare the cold, (while creating a lot of heat!) HEEYYYY!! A twenty dollar second went to Micheal Connors for the slick Fonzy look he wore before the judging and the beer bath he wore after, (along with some of the crowd, including myself.) Ward Davenny won third HANDS down ...up...around...and (no kidding) all over, for his symbolic portrayal of a Politician on the eve of an election. (Did he kiss babies too??)

THE GHOST in our tower who was so suddenly made known to us in time for Halloween has probably been scared away just as suddenly; but it took all the clamor of the \$10.00 dinner and dance delight, Women's Board Party to do it. Over 500 people showed up to make ghoulish idea into a GRAND success.

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rock face

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tripped over unseen flowers and fell to be sliced to death by young blades of grass.

"I hope we never get that clumsy," spewed Homo.

They made their way to town where they entertained themselves in the usual ways; throwing themselves in front of speeding trucks, jumping out of high windows, and standing under rickety brick buildings during earthquakes. After several hours they grew weary of such sport and made their way back to their native field to sleep on the railroad tracks and wait for the eleven fifty five from Arkham to come along and wake them up with its soft, boneless legs.

Bali

cont'd from page 2

him, does not exist in Bali.

Of course, the Balinese have their commercial side producing articles specifically crafted for the tourists. Paintings and woodcarvings fall mainly into this category, I suppose, because they can be easily transported home by visitors. While the technical skill of the artists cannot be questioned, the results seem lifeless in comparison to the other work I discovered. With no vital link to the life of the people the shape and content of these works wither. Separated from critical response their efforts stagnate. Which is precisely why the high priests of the now powerful "Cargo Cult" swoop down in force elevating such stuff high on their altars where quantity is quality and emptiness becomes an image mistaken for having been.

..Thought

cont'd from page 6

Seems they will need mucho help in getting there. All the same--Scholar-ship full steam ahead. Don't mind the gap in our stern, we'll make it. (Famous last words? NOT if all hands lend a hand!)

SAN FRANCISCO's one man campaign to legalize pot showed up in the Haven again after a Tom Young induced absence a week earlier. (Seems

THE 'HIGH' SKOOLERS



they don't share the same views on a particular subject.)

I can understand why Tom didn't go for the little impromptu parties held so Jonah might explain the economic values of the greenish vegetable matter spread all over the table (and air.) ---After all, the stuff IS still illegal. BUT - what else do you do - when you need to attract BEES, you set out a jar of HONEY. (Sounds like sticky stuff, huh!)

Title Nine, Sex

Title IX of the Education Amendments of 1972 is a federal law prohibiting sex discrimination in programs of educational institutions and agencies receiving aid from the federal government. One of the requirements of the law is that there be a procedure by which anyone who feels there is sex discrimination in the programs of the school may report any instances of it. Any student, faculty or staff member should report any such grievances to Alice Noyes, Title IX Coordinator, and she will help direct it through the

appropriate procedure.

Another requirement of the law is that the school conduct a self-evaluation to find out whether any of its programs or policies are discriminatory; and to make suggestions for modifications needed to comply with Title IX. Candy Hedberg, Helene Fried, and Alice Noyes were appointed to conduct the self-evaluation and have asked faculty, staff, and a random sample of 200 students to respond to a questionnaire about discrimination at the Art Institute.

While collecting information on sex discrimination, they are also gathering data and asking for information pertaining to discrimination on the basis of race, color, or national origin (Title VI and VII of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 and amendments). They plan to have their report completed within the next week and are still willing to receive relevant information if you have not given it to them yet. After this week be sure to see Alice Noyes if you have grievances or questions.

Rock Face And Homo De Range

alan clark & peteso

Rock Face was the more gruesome of the two, his head resembling a picture in an ad to ban strip mining. He was attired in a full length flaming mattress which was fastened down his chest with railroad spikes, and his head was crowned with several charges of dynamite set to go off at various times during the day. His friend, Homo De Range, was outfitted with dung-cruised riding boots with no souls and a tight western-fit pair of chain mail leotards made from hundreds of connecting guitar-shaped razor blades. His face was a series of deep, mold-covered cracks and holes through which earthworms passed to and fro in their search for food. From his left cheek extended an eighteen inch carp, which he had caught while swimming in the lake that morning; its sharp teeth deeply embedded in his loose flesh.

The street they walked was reputed to be the most difficult street in the whole world to walk on. This was because it ran along the great coastal cliffs and large parts of it had slid away leaving sheer drops of many thousands of feet. When they came to these parts they would step casually off the cliff and tumble down the sides to the sea. Then they would climb back up to where they had fallen from, step again off into midair, fall, climb back up, step, fall, and so on until they had crossed the space where the road should have been. Then the road carried them inland a ways to a deep ravine where a couple of thick cables were all that remembered the bridge that had once been there.

"What luck," said Rock Face. "They're still here."

"Oh boy, can I go first?" mumbled Homo.

"Sure hop on."

Homo mounted one of the thick cables and secured it between his legs. Rock Face grabbed him by the feet and with all his strength pulled him and the cable back a distance of maybe thirty feet. He could have gone back further had not one of the explosive charges gone off in his head, forcing him to release his friend prematurely. There was still enough zip in the

cable, however, to catapult him across the ravine and smash him into the rock cliff on the other side.

"Wasn't very good," he yelled after he had recovered his balance.

"Sorry," yelled Rock Face, stuffing bits of brain back into his head and gluing the pieces of skull back together.

Rock Face grabbed the cable and pulled it back about forty feet. "I'll make up for it," he said and snagged himself on a rock so he wouldn't take off just yet and laid himself along the top of a boulder which he thought would give him the right trajectory. He then took a jackhammer out of his ass and crushed the rock he was snagged on with it thusly projecting himself across the ravine and his aim being what it was he crashed head first into his friend's face dislodging the fish he had caught and caused it to fall into the river at the bottom of the ravine and to be swept into the sea vowing to never bite off more than it could chew.

They pieced themselves back together as best they could and were just about to get up and leave when they saw Grotesquetease and his brother Grotesticles coming up out of the ravine. Grotesticles was growing warts and snapping them off with his teeth while his brother was coating himself in tar and stuffing himself into a taffy-pulling machine his brother was carrying.

Rock Face and Homo saw, at first sight, that these brothers were the types that dropped whatever they are doing every two hours and twenty-two seconds to shave six and a half layers of skin off their scrotums and would douse the pain with rock salt. "I'll bet they think they're some shit," said Rock Face to Homo.

It was Grotesquetease of the two brothers that noticed them first and he said to them, "Isn't this territory a bit dangerous for you boys?"

"You ain't talking to no baby paced slitty liquors!"

"Yeah, we're a couple of strong-wheeled adventuresome lads. Here,

I'll prove it to you," said Homo as he produced his penis and ran to a nearby desert, stopped beside a giant cactus and began whipping his now hard penis against its long, sharp needles. Soon the cactus was dripping with blood and eventually sperm as he reached the peak of his sexual desire. He returned to find Grotesquetease and Grotesticles showing Rock Face how they could skin themselves to keep unsightly hair from growing.

"I can top that. You might remove unsightly hair but I can remove unsightly flesh and bones as well." With that, Rock Face instructed Homo to run up the river to the gas station and flood the river with gasoline. Then Rock Face ripped off one of the cables of the old bridge at one end and threaded it down his throat and out through his anus and then he tied the cable back to where it had been attached. He worked his way out toward the middle of the cable and cast lit matches down into the river which was by now full of gasoline and quickly burst into flames. Presently, Homo returned and stood next to the two brothers as they watched Rock Face cook himself until his meat parted from the bone and fell into the flames and just as it dropped out of sight they heard one of those explosions Homo was so used to hearing. The brothers got a bit nervous at this having not wanted anyone to get hurt and stood about not doing much of anything. Homo went on with their contest and waited patiently for Rock Face's return from the sea. He showed the brothers how he could brush his teeth with a buzz saw and come away with fresh breath. Noticing that they weren't paying any attention he took a break to latrine himself thinking when Rock Face returns he would get them back into the spirit of their contest.

He returned wiping his ass with a leaf of sand paper just as Rock Face came up steaming from the sea dragging most of himself along behind him. Cooked as he was, Rock Face was not the horrible creature he had been but was now quite a mouth-watering sight. Unable to bear the sight of such a delicate morsel, Grotesquetease and Grotesticles took flight and

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